

The Battle for Berk

by Berk'sWarrior

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Summary: (Pen Name changed from catz4eval01) While Pitch is defeated and weakened, things thrive in Berk. But when Pitch takes the chance to over come the Guardians once again, but in a smaller but deadly surprise, they'll need all the help they can get from a new recruit who happens to know quite a lot about the island...and its pets.

Rated T just in case. (No RotBTD, No HiJack)

1. Prologue

****A/N: Hello everyone! Ok, before you start the story, there will be a few things I have to share with you.****

****1.) This is NOT, I repeat NOT, a RotBTD FanFic. I'll leave it at that, so sorry all of you fans, you won't find that here, or any of their 'adventures'. You will not find Merida or Repunzel anywhere in this.****

****2.) This is NEVER, EVER, EVER, going to be a... *shudder* JackxHiccup story (Which I find utterly, UTTERLY, disgusting.). I was browsing through the crossovers and that's all I could see: RotBTD and HxJ.****

****Leaving with that, and like I said in number 2, that's all I saw. I thought that some of you may just want a plain adventure story with none of that in it. Just plain fun and excitement. I know I would. I probably sound like a brat right now, but I'm just telling you about it now so none of you can't say I didn't warn you, and I apologize for my complaining and my criticizing.****

****On that happy note, I've got to warn you: I've only seen Rise of the Guardians twice. Please correct me if I get something wrong at points with that. I'm not sure I'll get anything wrong with How to Train Your Dragon though...I've seen it more times than I can count, and it's my favorite movie...but still, correct me if I do something wrong.****

****Disclaimer: I do not own HTTYD or RotG or their characters, they all belong to Dreamworks and Cressida Cowell (the author of the HTTYD books).****

****With that, let the fun begin, and happy readin'!****

*** * ***

><p>Prologue**

This, is Berk. It's twelve days North of Hopeless, and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery.

"Hiccup!" I heard someone shout at me from the opposite side of the great rock Toothless and I were currently perched on. I smiled and shook my head, "What is it now, Snotlout?" I shouted back, Toothless kicking in with his own grumble. Snotlout sneered back at us from his position on Hookfang, "Do be so confident. Hookfang and I are going to fly circles around you two!" he said, patting his Monstrous Nightmare head. "Well, lucky for us that doesn't matter. What matters is who's faster, and I think we all know who the leading champion is." I said sarcastically, Toothless flashing my cousin a toothy grin.

"I don't know...maybe someone else will win this time?" Fishlegs called from the other end of the line we were forming. Snotlout just snickered, then let out a laugh, "Yeah, sure. And you and Meatlug'll _definitely_ win this one!" he teased. Fishlegs grimaced.

"Snotlout." another's voice called out from the left of me. Astrid stared him down, glaring, until he held up his hands in defeat. "Ok! Ok! Just having some fun, that's all!" Snotlout defended himself. Astrid's eyebrows rose with confusion, "And _that's_ what you call fun?" she questioned. Stormfly squawked and jerked a bit from underneath her, anxious to start the race. The twins' Zippleback chirped their own rhythm, agreeing with the Nadder and anxious as well. "Can we just get a move on?" Ruffnut questioned from on top of Barf, her head of the Zippleback. "Yeah! What the prize if you win?" her twin, Tuffnut questioned. "There's a prize? Now I _really_ wanna win!" His sister exclaimed. "No, I'm going to win it long before you do!" he shouted back.

I held up my hands to motion for them to stop, and said, "Woah, woah, woah, ok stop. Two thing wrong with what you guys just said. One, You'd both win whatever 'prize' you're thinking of; you're riding the same dragon. Two, There is no 'prize'. This is just for fun." I explained. The twins looked at each other with judging expressions, then back at me. "And what's supposed to be fun about that? With no competition?" Ruffnut questioned. A feeling of tease rose up inside of me, and I turned to see Astrid smirking at me. "Well, it's not supposed to be fun it's-" I cut her short. "Yeah yeah, it's a 'Hiccup' idea, we get it. No need to rub it in Astrid, _thank you_." I said, rolling my eyes. She just chuckled.

"Well are we going or not?" Snotlout complained. I nodded.

"In 10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2-"

"GO!" Snotlout shouted, laughing as he took off first with Hookfang.

We stared after him in shock and amazement at the fact that we did not see that coming, and took off after regaining ourselves.

I clicked Toothless's prosthetic, letting it glide and his wings do some of the work; we were already in the motion of passing everyone else. I looked down on my right to see the village bellow us.

My home.

Berk is a beautiful place, it is. Dragons of all shapes and colors roamed around freely, flying with their masters or helping them out with their chores. It was a wonderful sight, really. I smiled at how much it's changed, and all of that because of me. Me, the village runt and Hiccup the Useless. Ha, who would've thought?

In a word: Sturdy. It's been here for seven generations but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting, and a charming view of the sunsets, but the best parts are the pets.

Toothless growled and snapped me out of my trance, bringing my attention back to the race. I looked back to see the others catching up some, and I clicked his tail again to a new position, like the one I used during Thawfest, and a great burst of speed flew from us. I could see Snotlout and Hookfang coming closer, and from that I knew we were catching up. "Come on bud!" I shouted as we flew faster and faster along the course.

Other places have ponies or parrots, but we have

dragons.

Well quickly passed the leading pair, and made our way over the Great Hall, which was the finish line. I clicked Toothless's prosthetic in some as we neared the ground, and landed smoothly. I pat his head as the others flew in behind us. "Great job, bud! Wasn't that hard, was it?" I questioned him with a smirk. He shook his head and grumbled at me, sharing a gummy grin.

I turned around to see the other teens land on the steps of the Great Hall next to me, and I welcomed them with a wave. Astrid and Snotlout just sneered at me. "Well, it looks like Hiccup and Toothless win...again." Fishlegs announced to them as if they didn't already know. We all walked down the steps, our dragons in tow. Toothless stayed right by my side, like he always did, as we made our way down to the dock. Why'd we go down there out of all the places? Don't know, we just did.

As we were walking we were greeted from many Vikings on either sides of us. It was like that everyday now; fighting a Great Dragon doesn't go unnoticed around here. We were just about to walk down the slop to the docks when we passed the Forge, the place I used to (and still do) work while the dragons raided the village. At first we just walked by it carelessly, when something appeared at the back of my mind.

I ignored it, thinking it was nothing, and kept walking. What ever it

was that was nagging me made me turn around again and looked back at the slightly worn down place. "I'll see you guys later." I muttered, and raced back to the place behind me with the other staring in confusion. I didn't hear Toothless follow me, so he must've also been confused, but I wasn't worried. And sure enough, The big paws steps echoed behind me as we ran into the Forge.

I walked around to the back of the soot filled place, around to my workshop in the way back, instantly the thing that was tugging at my brain went away, as I remembered what Gobber had assigned me to do yesterday. On the far off bench, was a pile of bent swords, axes, daggers, and other various types of weapons. At first I was mad that Gobber had come back here without telling me (like he would listen anyway), then I saw that he had neatly pushed away my papers and drawing and sketching utensils on either side, so nothing could get damaged.

I eyed the mound of beaten metal. Sure, there weren't too many, but sharpening took a while.

Toothless, sensing that there was going to be a wait, grumbled and walked silently over to 'his' corner of the Forge, to take a nap like normal. I snapped my fingers to keep him awake, and pointed to the coal-oven in the other corner of the room; I knew that some of these would need a little more than just sharpening.

Toothless looked at me, and used his paw to motion 'down'. Getting the memo, with a quick gasp, I ducked as a fireball flew over my head, landing square in the coals. "Toothless!" I scolded. His reply was simple: he put his head down, closed his eyes, and simply ignored me. I growled at him, but forgave him as I grabbed the first weapon (a short sword) off the pile. I dragged it over to the sharpener, and grabbed the large circular stone's handle and cranked it a few times to get it spinning. Then, I set the sword on top, moving my hands to its base so it could sharpen correctly.

Sparks flew everywhere like normal, when I usually use the sharpener. The sound of metal against stone drowned out the sounds around me, and I was lost in thought.

My mind flew through random thoughts, and one came up about the upcoming holiday. It didn't really have a name, and mostly the little kids of town actually enjoyed it. It was a fun holiday where the kids run around with baskets looking to collect colored eggs. It was always fun to watch, but we never really joined in much.

I had a flashback to when the teens and I were kids, and how they'd always seem to find the eggs before I could, leaving me with none every year. Because of that, I never really grew fond of the tradition.

Apparently I was pretty much _completely _lost in thought, because the next thing I knew I had knocked over a wooden barrel full of nails and metal scraps because someone had tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up too see Astrid standing above me, trying not to laugh at the sight.

"Astrid! Hey -hi! Hi, I was um...what are you doing here?" I stuttered quickly, picking myself up and turning around to try and clean up the large mess of metal that was now scattered on the

ground.

She kelt down next to me and picked up the nails around her, putting them back into the barrel, then repeating the process. "So, you won the race again today." She said normally, although I could tell there was something up from the way she hid it. "Yeah...sooo?" I stretched. I had to wait a second for her to answer. "How'd you do it?" she finally asked. My head perked up; no one ever really asks me stuff incase I get into too much detail on designs...I'm guessing...

"Toothless's tail fin. I upgraded it so that it would help him fly faster." I explained. Her eyes widened in interest. "But he could fly just fine with his old one, why upgrade it?" she questioned. At this I got up and walked over to my desk, leaving the rest of the mess for Gobber to clean. I pulled out one of the many notes I had on speed, height, length, mass, all technical stuff about my dragon's tail prosthetic. "I assume if we ever get into another fight with Alvin, we'd need a quick escape." I explained, handing her the paper.

She studied for a moment, then handed it back to me. "Well...Toothless could fly just fine and fast before." she stated, crossing her arms. I nodded. "Now you're going around acting like Night Furies are the fastest, huh?" she joked, punching my shoulder. I laughed, I knew she was joking. Still...I could have my fun in joking, right? I shrugged, "Well, they are." I stated with a smirk. She glared at me with an expression that she was up to no good. "Oh really? Well, then I'm sure me and Stormfly would be honored if you came to help, since I guess Nadder clearly wouldn't pass a Night Fury's speed stats..." she trailed off, this time she being the one smirking, knowing she had me cornered.

I held up my hands in defeat. "Alright, alright. Meet me and Toothless over at the Cove tomorrow, and we'll show you how speed's done." I said, putting away the paper and kneeling to pick up the rest of the metal scraps. "Whatever, Useless." she said, knowing the name irked me. "See you tomorrow!" she shouted, running out of the Forge, probably back home from the signs of the sun on the water, alerting the presence of night approaching. I watched her leave with a smirk on my face from her sarcasm, when I went to stand up and hit my head on the Sharpener. "Ow!" I muttered, rubbing my head. I turned to see Toothless cooing and looking at me, then to outside of the Forge, then back at me.

"What are you looking at?" I questioned, knowing full well what he had been looking at. He cooed playfully again, and I flicked him in a friendly fashion, as I left the pile of bent metal for tomorrow.

* * *

><p>"Mhmm...very interesting..."<p>

The cold voice echoed through the cavern. A man in a black robe was circling a sphere, eyeing and touching different areas with with interest. His pale hand brushed over the space where The Atlantic Ocean was located, where no lights were. Unfortunately, he was looking for something different. "Kids these days...holding onto their precious thoughts...it's pathetic." he said to no one in particular. His voice echoed through the empty cavern, and he looked up at the dull light that lit the place; a hole that use to be under

a broken bed. _'Maybe that's where you belong!_' Bunnymund had told him.

Well, he was wrong.

They all were.

Pitch started chuckling maliciously, his plan bouncing around in his mind. It was a simple plan, yes, but a non expected one. He focused his attention back onto the globe, his eyes darting from place to place. Africa? No; believers. America? Nope. Japan? No. He groaned; why were there so many children?

Any place, any place at all!

Suddenly his eyes glanced up near the top of the hollow globe. He squinted his eyes and rubbed them, thinking they were playing tricks on him. He leaned up closer, and almost started to laugh again. The one place...

Scandinavia. There was a light here and there, but very few, enough to count on both hands. He looked up a little past it and saw a small island. There were dots covering the island, clear sign of children, but not a single one had been lit. Not one. His eyes widen and he drew a breath. This time, he really did start laughing. He closed his eyes, and laughed loudly. "Oh you pathetic Guardians! Seems like you've been neglecting your duties! Well, that'll soon be to your disadvantage...a great disadvantage..." he chuckled.

Suddenly his heart was filled with some feeling, a dreadful feeling; Joy. He growled, Sandy must be bringing those sweet dreams around again tonight. He ignored it, but suddenly his face lit up. Sand...he need only a little, and he'd be all set. Letting out a sigh, he made his way out of his cavern, and up the hole, to the outside. Even from where he stood in the woods, he could see the Dream Sand soar through the air, taking shape of many amazing things. Just a little...

He floated lightly through the air, to the nearest village.

* * *

><p>The Dream Sand coursed through his pale fingers, the grains turning black with his touch. "Just a little more..." he muttered. Finally, he had a pile of the now blackened sand down at his feet, and a good dose of it too.<p>

He held out his hand, and lifted his palm up. In command, the sand started swirling and swirling, until his famous black Nightmare was in full view in front of him. He patted the horse's mane, and whispered the words, "No betrayal. Not this time. This time, you'll be feeding off of the fear of those the Guardians _can't_ reach." The Mare shook her head, agreeing. "Good. Now, you and I have some dreams to kill." Pitch said, and with a snap of his fingers, he and his Nightmare vanished into the shadows, their destinations ways away.

* * *

><p>Prologue complete!

**A/N: Did you all enjoy what I have of this? I hope so! Even if you

didn't I thank you greatly for reading it.**

This is just the prologue, and the first chapter should be up sometime this month. I'm sorry in advance if I make you wait. I know, I know, it's definitely rushed at points, and I'm sorry.

Like it? Hate it? Have a suggestion? Please review!

I hope you enjoyed what I have, and that you have a great rest of your day, viewers!

catz4eval01

2. Chapter 1

A/N: And we're back! Did you enjoy the month-long break? Me either!

Thank you, thank you, thank you, to Clearbear, Guest, and DragonSoul for reviewing! You have given me the strength to carry on! Though I must warn you *whispers* This or the next chapter may be a little sad...

***claps hands* But with that, I'll leave you to read if you do wish, and I hope you enjoy it! Happy readin'!**

* * *

<p>Chapter 1

Toothless nudged me awake.

My eyes instantly opened, and I sat up, breathing heavily, sweat forming on my forehead. Toothless sat on the floor from the side of my bed and cooed in a worried fashion, tilting his head at me. I sighed a shaky breath, "Nah, it's ok bud. Just nightmares..." I muttered before climbing over the side of the wooden bed. I reached for my prosthetic, still shaking off the effects of my dream, it had been so real...

* * *

>p>He was flying on Toothless, dooing loops and tricks and amazing feats, "Yeah! Come on bud!" he shouted, punching the air.

Toothless cried out in response, letting his tongue flap in the winds, making Hiccup laugh. He always enjoyed these flights, it was a great way to get away from problems, tragities, and just plain annoyance.

Hiccup clicked the prosthetic, and they flew higher into the sky, Toothless's wing flapping on either side of him. Up and up they went, higher and higher, occasionally free-falling. Hiccup would always end up back in the saddle as safe as ever.

"What'd think bud, you wanna go again?" he questioned. Toothless opened his mouth to respond, when suddenly his dream changed.

Dark clouds billowed in the sky, thunder and lightning crackling in the distance. Hiccup's eyes widen in fear, knowing the danger. "Toothless, let's land." he suggested, not needing to click the prosthetic to do it. But Toothless seemed to ignore him, and fly straight out into the ocean. "Toothless?" Hiccup questioned, holding his hand out to pat his head, making sure he was ok, when he did something totally unexpected.

He snapped at his hand.

Hiccup jerked his hand back in alarm, holding it, making sure all his finger were still intact. He was shaking with shock; Toothless would NEVER, not in a million years, even think of trying to snap at him.

"T-Toothless?" He questioned.

Toothless stared back at him with his pupils slits, the eyes of a wild animal. Not Toothless. A wild, dangerous Night Fury. Hiccup stared back, with the eyes of an animal in fear, only a small bump in the road to the dragon's freedom.

Hiccup hunched back, scared of his own dragon, who was snarling at him. "Toothless...what- how-" he questioned, but he never finished before lightning struck the dragon's prosthetic, sending them both tumbling out of the sky.

Hiccup screamed as he fell to the waters below. He looked up at the last second to see Toothless above him, falling as well. The waves covered Hiccup's head, and his lungs were filled with water. He choked and coughed, only managed to fill them more. His prosthetic weighed him down, and he started sinking in the depths bellow, small bubbles escaping his mouth. He looked up with his slowly closing eyes to see Toothless swimming above him, making his way to shore, not even stopping to think about the boy he left to drown.

'Toothless...why?' he thought just before the world went black and he sunk to the ocean floor below...

* * *

><p>I shook my head to try and clear it from the dream. It was just a nightmare, nothing real.<p>

Putting my prosthetic on with a _click!_, I stood up, and slipped my other foot inside my boot. I turned back to Toothless, who was still staring at me with wide eyes. _Wide eyes, not slits_ I reminded myself.

I sighed, recovering from my dream. Toothless purred and walked up next to me. I looked down at him with a smile, and suddenly remembered my meeting with Astrid today. "Gods, I almost forgot. Thanks bud!" Hiccup said, and pat a now confused Toothless. I had never said what time to meet at the Cove, but I assumed she'd go around mid day like a normal person, so I had a few hours to spare.

"Well bud, you wanna go flying?" I suggested, spite my nightmare. It couldn't keep me from flying with my best friend. Toothless's ears

perked, and he instantly became excited, jumping up and down. "Woah, alright, calm down, no need to wreck the house." I said with a chuckle. Toothless stuck his tongue out at me after he stopped bouncing, glaring in fake anger. I ignored him and brought out the saddle and tail fin from behind my desk. He waited patiently for me to put the tack on, though I could tell he was waiting to jump out the window into the air.

I laughed, "I'll be done in a second, Toothless, you'll have to wait. You don't want to try and fly and end up crashing, do you?" I questioned. He shook his head. "That's what I thought."

Finally I hooked on his prosthetic, and I stood back to admire the work. "I think we're done with that. Now, how about flying?" Toothless grumbled a yes in response. I chuckled, then hopped onto his back, clicking in my prosthetic. I opened the tail fin, and positioned it correctly, before patting Toothless's neck to alert him that it was ok to take off. He jumped up onto the windowsill above my bed, hovered a moment, then took off into the air.

I clicked his prosthetic again, and we flew faster, out to the ocean in front of us. Toothless growled with joy, and did a small loop. We soared over the water, and my prosthetic brought us closer, enough so that Toothless's paws skimmed the surface.

The wind that flew past them sprayed my face lightly with sea mist, and I smiled before Toothless pulled up again, away from the water. We did this multiple times, over the course of an hour, before Toothless's wings needs a break.

Toothless landed on a cliff side, folding his wings in. I climbed off, unhook his prosthetic. Toothless bounded off to a nearby patch of dragon nip to roll around in. I looked up at the sky: maybe half an hour before mid day. We still had some time left.

I followed Toothless into the dragon nip, and sat on a nearby log while he rolled around. I took out my sketch book, and began to draw the scenery out of boredom. Of course I made sure to add Toothless rolling around in the center, why wouldn't I?

Another ten minutes went by before I closed the drawing and called Toothless over. His ears perked. "Come on bud! We gotta go meet Astrid and Stormfly at the Cove!" I explained. He shook off the remaining weed, and ran over to me. I climbed on his back, clicked in my prosthetic, and took off again.

"Come on, Toothless. Let's go show those two how real dragons fly."

* * *

><p>AN: I know, It was skipping around at points, but I tried. Hiccup's little remark at the end surprised me too, but I did not know any other way to end it...**

Well, I hope you enjoyed what I had, and that you have a great rest of your day, viewers!

-catz4eval01

3. Chapter 2

****A/N: Heheh...heh..uh...just realized the prologue was longer than the first chapter... uh *coughs, embarrassed*...I am going to try EXTREMELY hard to make this a longer fic than my usual ones.****

****Anyway, NEW UPDATE! NEW SEASON OF DRAGONS! NEW FANFICTIONS!****

****I realize that this story is turning out a little more HiccupxAstrid than I wanted, so this next chapter should focus on the other teens much more. It may seem like I'm rushing this story quite a bit, but trust me, I've got many ideas for this. :)****

****WARNING: Chapter may cause a few tears... (I don't know, I usually don't cry at my own stories...)****

****Sorry in advance for any spelling/grammar/punctuation errors.****

****Well...with that said...I hope you like it and happy readin'!****

*** * ***

><p>We took off, our confidence in tack. I mean, a silly Nadder couldn't beat a Night Fury -especially Toothless- in flight and speed, could it? Nah. I had a feeling said Night Fury felt the same way, due to his toothless smirk. I smiled and patted his head, then focused back onto the path.<p>

We flew for a minutes, before we finally found the sinkhole that was the Cove.

We dove down and landed, me climbing off of Toothless so he could rest a bit. He gave me another smile before trotting off to a clear patch of dirt to rest. I myself walked over to the edge of the lake in the middle of the Cove. When I reached the waters, I looked down at my rippling reflection. I smiled, and the reflection doubled my move. I reached down to run my hands through the almost crystal clear water, when suddenly a voice called out from behind me.

"Admiring our reflection, are we?" it said.

I jerked around, almost falling into the shallow water. I let out a breath of relief when I saw it was just Astrid, standing there with a smirk on her face and her arms crossed. "Gosh, please don't do that again. You scared me." I said. "But that's the point, isn't it?" she said sarcastically. I rolled my eyes and stuck out my tongue at her, which she mimicked. I just shook my head.

"So, you ready to see how a true rider and dragon fly?" I teased.

Her confidence seemingly rose with her expression. "Bring it on." she said with a smirk. Immediately we took off to Toothless and Stormfly, who seemed to have gotten the message of our short conversation and had readied themselves for us to just hop onto their backs. Which we did. She looked over at us once we both settled into the saddles. "You ready, Haddock?" she challenged. I just gave her a smirk before

-without warning- let out Toothless's tail fin, signaling to him to fly, leaving them in the dust.

I could just hear the faint gasp of shock from both Astrid and Stormfly as we flew farther and farther. Toothless let out a cry of excitement. Clicking his tail down, we shot up into the sky, leaving the forest ground far down below.

As we straightened out, I heard a loud squawk come from somewhere below us. Looking down, I just managed to see Astrid and Stormfly fly up, catching up with us.

"Cheater!" Astrid shouted above the wind.

"I didn't cheat; me and Toothless are just faster than you are."

Toothless let out a snort and smiled at my witty comeback. I looked down at him and patted his head, before turning back behind us to see Astrid glaring, a smirk spreading across her face. Her blue eyes sparkled with some plan she formed, and from that I was slightly worried...only slightly.

"Well then, Mr. Hot Shot, let's see how you deal with this!" she shouted back. For a moment I was confused, but then I saw her reach for something in her saddle. She pulled out a chicken leg, and threw it to Stormfly who ate it happily. My eyes went wide.

"Now that is cheating!"

Astrid just smirked again as they whipped right by us, the force slightly veering us to the right. Toothless growled a protest as he positioned himself correctly again. He looked back and warbled at me, asking for permission. "Do it, bud." I muttered. My confident face on, I shifted my foot to a position I had only constructed a few days ago. With this position, Toothless was basically able to do whatever he wished.

Toothless twisted his neck from right to left, as if readying himself. Knowledge from past experiences in flights gave me the idea that holding on tight would be the better option. I tightened my grip on the metal bars I constructed into his saddle and double checked my connection straps. Toothless suddenly tensed up, and we went skyrocketing forward. I heard over the screaming wind a fierce Night Fury call as the land features around us went from formed into a colorful blur.

Even though the wind was partially blinding me, I could still see the blue dot in front of us that was currently growing in size.

In not 30 seconds after Toothless turned to his neck-breaking speed, we passed them. We passed them so fast in fact, that Stormfly seemed to lose her balance, tumbling out of the sky for mere moments.

Stormfly squawked with fury before letting her wings readjust, while looking back to check on her rider. Astrid barely looked shaken. She set herself right again in the saddle, shaking her head to clear herself of any worry that may have fallen on her; she'd fallen off of dragons many times before. Stormfly let out a

comforting gurgle, before turning to look back at the disappearing Night Fury. Without any warning, she shot off after it, knowing full well Astrid was in on this race as well.

Astrid let out a sound of surprise as her dragon took off, but quickly readjusted herself. Calming herself to the sound of Stormfly's wing flaps, she urged her to go faster, slipping her pieces of chicken. Soon they were attempting to catch up to the speeding pair.

Toothless's ears moved a bit, as he registered a squawk from Stormfly. He flapped his wings faster, jerking his good tail fin to a sharp right. I let out a gasp as they took the sharp turn, leaving Stormfly to tumble out into the air they once were moments before. Stormfly shook her head with an angry growl as she righted herself, then took off after Toothless again.

"Toothless slow down! You'll wear yourself out!" I shouted over the wind, trying to warn his friend. But Toothless wouldn't listen; he was not going to be beat by a Nadder, friend or not. He heard Stormfly's familiar wing flaps through the rushing wind and he let his teeth slid out of their gums with anger. Stormfly squawked a tease at him, and he pushed himself harder, attempting to leave Astrid and Stormfly in the dust.

But that was not the case.

Astrid has packed much chicken, and she really had little idea about her 'experimenting' with it. Stormfly's energy was at its top, as if she were on a sugar rush. Nothing was going to stop her from being the first to beat a Night Fury in a race. Astrid tried to place a hand on her neck, as if warning her to slow down some, but, to her shock, Stormfly shook it off without a second thought.

Toothless turned to the left (now completely against Hiccup's will), and his eyes dilated in fear as a sheer rock wall faced him. An idea popped into his mind, and he was about to jerk up at last second, planning that Stormfly would crash into the rock instead.

Unfortunately for him, I knew him well, and knew his plan before he even tried to bring it to action.

'This has gone too far' I thought to myself. I shifted my foot back, a small click! sounding as the tail fin became my responsibility again. I jerked it hard in, and the tail fin closed completely, taking away Toothless's flight ability. Toothless let out a cry as they went tumbling to the ground, he involuntarily flapping his wings in desperate wanting for flight.

They came to a steady crash, and Toothless's mind realized what just happened. I had stopped him.

Tucking his wings in, his pupils stayed dilated. I slowly climbed off of him, letting out a sigh. "Well...that was quite a race, don't you think?" I said at random after a moment of silence. Toothless's eyes stayed dilated, and he didn't make any response. I turned to look at him, noticing this. "Toothless? Bud, come on." I said holding out an outstretched hand. Toothless just stared at me. I slowly pulled my hand away, shocked. "Bud, it was just a race...it wasn't a life or

death situation." I said softly. Toothless thought otherwise. He snorted at me; how dare Hiccup take away his power of flight when he was having fun!

I let out a sigh. "Toothless, not everything is about competitions and winning." I said, moving so I stood in front of him. Toothless tilted his head, giving me a look as if he was questioning me. I stood there in a moment of confusion before I caught on. "W-What? Oh so you think just because I got caught up in the whole Thawfest thing means you can too? Well, for your information, it doesn't." I said. Suddenly Toothless straightened up, towering over me just a bit, obviously not appreciating being told what to do.

With a snort that sounded like a sarcastic laugh, Toothless rolled his eyes and walked away from me, leaving me to myself. The tension still hung in the air.

I snapped back into reality when I heard a squawk and claws landing against the smooth grass. I turned around to see Astrid climb off Stormfly, looking slightly winded "What happened?" she questioned as Stormfly angrily walked away, obviously as upset as Toothless about the unfinished race. Astrid watched her go with confusion before turning back to me, her hands on her hips. I rubbed the back of my neck saying, "Yeah, apparently Toothless isn't very happy about that interruption. But he was going to have you two crash into a cliff! I thought that was going to far!" I defended myself, worried that she'd yell at me. Astrid's eyes widened with shock. There was a moment of silence before she questioned, "So...where is he now?"

"Probably off somewhere to ignore me." I said irritated. After another moment of silence I looked around. I didn't recognize this place; apparently Toothless and I haven't explored the entire island just yet. "Do you know this place?" I asked Astrid, who just shrugged and shook her head. The place looked slightly marshy, which wasn't a shock with a place as rainy as Berk.

We began to walk at random, just wandering around the area. "Either way," I started, breaking the silence, "we still be you guys senseless in flying." I said with a smirk She punched me in the shoulder- hard. "No way! We let you guys win!" She said with confidence. "Yeah, sure. Whatever you say." I replied, with earned a shove. We laughed and chatted some more, walking around the marsh

After a while my boot become soaked with water. I looked down and realize we had wandered to a wet land. "Geez, how many marshy places do we have on Berk?" I muttered as I lifted my foot to try and shake some of the water out, only to put it back down and have it become soaked again. Astrid didn't seem to mind as much though, but I didn't want my prosthetic to become rusty. I looked down at it with a worried expression. Astrid seemed to have noticed. "Let's try and find a dryer place. Why don't you try and call Toothless? Stormfly won't come, I'm sure; Nadder hate anything that messes up their scales, and I don't think swamp water is something she'd enjoy much." she suggested. Well, it was worth a shot.

I let out a Night Fury call.

We waited a moment before I tried again. Nothing. I grumbled to myself at Toothless's ignorance. "Well, I can fix it if it rusts.

Let's just keep walking." I said unenthusiastically. "Well, if you insist." Astrid said. We began walking again, the water splashing against our boots. Astrid made a comment on how in the world you can even remove rust, which ended up with me giving an entire lecture Gobber had once given me on the same subject.

* * *

><p>"Hiccup."<p>

"And then, with most of it removed, you take the polish-

"Hiccup."

"-and you can managed to remove the rest, and when that's done-

"HICCUP!"

"WHAT?!"

"LISTEN! What is that?"

It was only then that I heard when she was talking about. There was a small rumbling noise...that was seemingly getting louder. "I have no idea..." I muttered. The water beneath our feet began to tremble a bit, and suddenly the sound echoed with the familiar noise of trees falling. My heart thudded into my throat, recognizing the mixture of noises from another old lesson Gobber had taught us all on a Survival Camp my father had forced us all to go on.

"Sinkhole..." I muttered.

It seemed to take a few seconds for the words to register in Astrid's brain. But when it did, her face held a horrified expression. "We need to get out of here, _now!_" she shouted. "Yeah we do!" I said sarcastically. Hey, I tend to get more sarcastic in deadly situations- I've been in quite a few of them. Astrid grabbed my wrist before dragging me a long with her, us both race to get away from the location of the noise. But it seemed to be everywhere. After only a few seconds of running, a collections of trees fell in front of us, and the sinkhole opened right before our eyes. With a shout of terror, we turned to run, but my arm was pulled down. I heard another shout from behind me and my arm was released of its hold before I even knew what had happened. I turned around to see that part of the ground had crumbled away under Astrid's feet, and she was desperately clinging to the soft, collapsing dirt that was currently the edge of the still growing sinkhole.

"Hold on!" I shouted, and I knelt down on the muddy ground, reaching my hand out to her. I almost fell in myself as the ground started shaking even more violently. I leaned in as far as I could and grabbed her arm, pulling her up with strength I didn't know I had. Just as she managed to get to her feet and run, I felt the ground shake even more, just underneath me. I knew exactly what was going to happen before it did. Shoving Astrid away, I shouted "GO!"

The ground I was still kneeling on crumbled before I could stand up.

I heard Astrid shout my name in terror, but my ears were quickly clogged with mud and dirt as I tumbled into the collapsing earth. I didn't even try to keep conscious, and before I knew it water and mud filled in my lungs, and fallen chunks of dirt enclosed me in the ground. From whatever parts of me that still had feeling to them, I knew that I was getting dragged into the ground. After another few moments of the painful agony, I let my complete conscious slip, giving into the darkness, and I knew waking was not going to be an option again.

* * *

><p>Toothless had heard both of the calls, but had decided to ignore them...for now. He was still mad at Hiccup! He was curled up on the swampy floor, bored to death. He didn't know where Stormfly had gone off to, and quite frankly he didn't care.<p>

It was only when he heard the faint sound of trees snapping somewhere that he became alert. Something was wrong...terribly wrong. He knew he should have listened to those calls! He got up from the wet grounds, and raced towards the sound, all anger he had felt towards his best friend vanished as he ran through the trees.

Soon his paws slowly got wetter. He looked down a second to see that he had entered a marshy area, and the snapping of bark on trees had stopped, though both Hiccup and Astrid's scents were still strong through the water. This just worried him.

He kept running until his feet were tired, and he could run no more. But in the corner of his ear he could hear the faint sound of something- some_one seemingly...choking? He forced his tired paws to move, and what he came upon was something he would not have wished upon his greatest enemy.

A massive sinkhole had erupted in the forest, and had swallowed everything in its path. It distracted him to the point where he did not notice at first that there was a figure kneeling at the edge, staring down at the depth of the crater. It was only until the figure choked again that Toothless knew they were there. Turning his head to face it, he recognized instantly the mass of blonde hair and the studded shoulder pads and spikes.

Now very much worried than before, he slowly walked up to her and stood beside her. Her face was slightly red, and her eyes were shining bright and wet. She choked again, and Toothless realized that she was trying to hold back tears. He wondered why. He thought for a moment before another thought distracted him.

Where's Hiccup?

He looked around frantically, and nudged Astrid with his nose, giving out a whine. Astrid did not turn to face him, she just kept staring at the pit. Toothless gave up on her for help and roared out into the air, calling out to his rider. Nothing happened. He tried again, a more desperate tone in his call. Still, nothing made a sound.

He began to walk around, trying to locate his rider through movement and scent, but that had all stopped in front of the sinkhole. His ran that thought in his mind again._ That all had stopped in front of the

sinkhole._

Toothless quickly trotted back to Astrid and nudged her again, his fear and suspicion rising. Astrid only made another choking noise. Toothless cried at her, begging her to say something. Anything. After a moment Astrid swallowed, closing her eyes and taking in a breath. She said after another moment of silence, "There...Toothless." At first he didn't understand, but then he saw her make a slight gesture to the sinkhole. Toothless's fear were confirmed.

With a cry of alarm, Toothless sprung forward, clawing at the earth, attempting to dig up the ground until he found him. Nothing was going to just snatch his rider away from his so easily. Nothing.

After a while and the only sound being claws against dirt, Astrid said barely over a whisper, "No use..." Toothless turned to look at her, and his heart sunk and broke with the knowledge that she was correct.

They couldn't do anything now.

Toothless just stood there, his chest heaving and his pupils going thin. No one said anything. Nothing needed to be said. Toothless slowly looked back at his tail-fin, the only thing that connected him to flying and Hiccup. Gone. No longer had any use. He was sure Gobber would pull out those old plans Hiccup made at Snoggletog for a prosthetic that would let him fly on his own, but Toothless didn't see the point. There wasn't any reason to fly without Hiccup.

With all the strength he could muster, he slowly walked back over to the frail looking girl, and sat beside her, slowly wrapping his tail around her. She didn't seem to notice at first, she only stared at the area Toothless had been clawing and digging at. But when she felt the scaly tail wrap around her, she dared herself to move her eyes and look down, seeing the handmade red tail fin.

Toothless watched as, for the first time in her life, Astrid Hofferson let a tear slip.

4. Chapter 3

****A/N: Hello once again folks! Miss me? Well, I've come 'round with a new chapter for you all, so I hope you enjoy!****

****(*still trying to stick with other characters and not just Astrid and Toothless in this chapter...oh, and by the way, there should be some _actual_ Rise of the Guardians characters/content/stuff either in the ending of this chapter, or the next one*)****

****I'm ashamed to say that there will be some jumping around and rushing in this chapter, due to all the lines...but I can't really avoid that at the moment, with so many POVs to fill...****

****By the way, there are a few episode references form both Riders and Defenders (though those who have seen them will probably be able to identify them ;))****

****I apologize in advance for and spelling/grammar/punctuation mistakes.****

****Hope you enjoy!****

* * *

><p>"I'm sure they'll turn up soon, there's nothin' to worry about'. They probably just lost track of time."<p>

"I don't know, Gobber. Hiccup's usually more responsible than this. He should be here by now."

Gobber waved his hand to dismiss the situation. "He always loses his train of thought when he's on Toothless! I've seen it happen to me myself!" Stoick just grumbled. The two (along with the rest of the village) were in the Great Hall eating dinner. He absent-mindedly looked behind him at the bench a few rows down to where the teens were sitting.

Hiccup nor Astrid were present.

He'd asked some of the villagers if they'd seen the two and their dragons, but those he had asked hadn't seen them since yesterday. This only worried him more. He drummed his fingers on the table waiting for the doors to the Great Hall to be thrown open by Toothless and Hiccup sputter some excuse on why they were late. He tried to focus on the facts; Hiccup always went on a morning flight with Toothless, usually he woke up and they were gone. He didn't know how long they usually took flying, but he suspected a few hours was probably what Hiccup had in mind. Gobber was right though, he did tend to lose himself whenever he was flying, sometimes quite literally. He once saw him jump off of Toothless's back and watched as the two free fell. He shouldn't be this worried.

But then the Hofferson girl went missing as well. Her and her dragon.

Stoick was (most of the time) a logical man, and from the way the situation looked, the two absences were probably connected somehow. He thought for a moment before he came up with 'They probably went flying.' He'd been told that Astrid usually spent the early mornings from dawn till breakfast training for any upcoming competition. But now since they didn't fight dragons and Thawfest is over, she really had nothing to do in that time. Stoick nodded to himself. 'Yes, that's probably it. She challenged him to flying, and with Hiccup's mind he probably thought he'd win and agreed to it.' He knew his son well - at least he hoped - over the course of the year after the Red Death, and it was probably just the thing he'd do.

Still...gone all day? It didn't seem like him. No note, no comment ahead of time, nothing. Just left.

Stoick was silent a while more before he said, "That's it. I'm getting Thornado and going to look for them." He started to get up from the table when Gobber replied, "No, Stoick. Let him come, he'll learn his lesson." a worried look sketched on his face. "Oh he'll learn his lesson alright." Stoick muttered as he got up from the table and started making his way to the door. He knew Gobber was fond of Hiccup and certainly didn't want to see him get in trouble, but Stoick was a father who was worried about his son. Nothing stood in

between that.

* * *

><p>Fishlegs casted a worried glance at the door their Chief was just stepping out of. Snotlout let out an exasperated sigh. "You mean they're still not back yet? Doesn't flying get boring after a while?" he commented. Fishlegs said nothing but returned to eating his meal. "Well, you ride Hookfang. I'd suspect it would get boring when he doesn't listen to any of your commands." Ruffnut commented. If there was one thing the twins were good at, it was comebacks. Snotlout glared at her, which only received a snicker.

"Guys, I don't know if you guys realize this, but they might be in big trouble," Fishlegs commented. "Wait, who might be in big trouble?" Tuffnut questioned. Fishlegs just rolled his eyes and replied, "Hiccup and Astrid. They missed Class today! Hiccup never misses Classes! He's the teacher!" he said fretfully. "Well he missed this Class. Besides, it's not like any of us wanted to be there. I'm glad he didn't turn up." Snotlout retorted sarcastically.

Fishlegs just groaned to himself at his 'friends' obliviousness. He picked up his plate, now seemingly having lost his appetite. The twins went back to bickering as he left, their own food still being untouched.

'None of them realize how important this may be! It's almost sunset, and they've disappeared without a trace...and skipped Class!' Fishlegs thought to himself as he walked out of the doors of the Great Hall.

* * *

><p>Stoick quickly made his way to his house, hoping Thornado would be well rested enough to go out searching. He sighed; he knew he was taking this too seriously, but he couldn't help it. He'd treated Hiccup terribly after his mother's death, and now he was going to make it up to him.<p>

Walking around the side of the house he stopped to see his Thunderdrum sleeping soundly, his tail wrapped around himself. Stoick smiled for a mere second before patting its head. Thornado gently opened his eyes lazily, looking up to see his rider standing in front of him. With a suppressed yawn, Thornado got up from the ground and sat patiently as Stoick strapped the saddle onto him. He let out a worried grumbled, for his friend seemed to be under some stress. He nudged him with his head, but the only reply was a mutter under Stoick's breath.

After he was done with the saddle, he looked out at the sky; gray clouds. "Well this is just perfect." he said angrily. He knew they wouldn't be able to search long, due to a pick up of wind. He was sure it was a snowstorm.

"Well, let's make the best of it then." he said to Thornado, turning around and climbing onto him. Said dragon let out one of his sonic blasts before taking off, trying to steady himself with the wind. Stoick took hold of the reins and yanked them up, forcing the Thunderdrum to fly higher. "We need to see the ground; Hiccup

would've probably landed to avoid the storm." he said half to himself, half to his dragon. Thornado cooed, trying to reassure him. He wasn't sure what was going on, only that something was wrong.

As they flew higher, the ground panned out in front of them. Stoick squinted, trying to look for a familiar black shape, or a colorful blue Nadder.

They flew on for minutes more, reaching the base of the island: the mountain. Stoick pulled the reins to the right, making sure he landed on one of cliffs hanging off of the rocky terrain. Looking down he could see the entire village and everything to the west. Climbing off Thornado, he stepped onto the cold rocks, scanning the area. It wasn't easy to look around on a dragon who couldn't hover very well.

With another moment of spotting nothing, he sat down, letting out a sigh. Thornado looked at him before turning to face the open air opposite of the cliff, and let out a roar. Stoick figured he was probably calling for the dragons. It was known that a Thunderdrum's roar could be heard and felt miles away. After a few minutes of waiting for a response, Stoick gave up on the chance.

Stoick was about to get up to go searching again when he felt something cold touch his arm. He turned around and saw another snowflake fall. Realization hit him. _'Great. Now how am I going to look for them in this weather?_' he thought to himself as the flurrying storm got stronger as the seconds passed. Thornado snapped him out of his thoughts as he let out yet another roar, as if trying to tell him about the danger.

Stoick sighed; he was right. As the snow fell harder he mounted his dragon and they took off back to the village, praying to the gods that his son and the Hofferson girl were alright...where ever they were.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, the snowstorm was nothing compared to the real cold.<p>

The coldness on the inside.

Toothless and Astrid hadn't moved from their position, even when the wind started to pick up. Astrid just kneeled there, her face looking miserable. She was good at keeping her emotions inside of her, but she could feel them all desperately trying to make there way out in the form of tears, wanting to get away from the cold that had seeped inside her.

Part of her believed that Hiccup wasn't dead. He'd defied death _so many times;_ The Read Death, Alvin, jumping off a cliff, the Scauldron, crashing at least four or five times off of Toothless when they discovered the Screaming Death, almost falling off the cliff face during Thawfest, the list went on and on. That part of her forced itself to believe that when the sink hole was made, the falling earth had opened one of the many tunnels the Whispering Deaths had made, that Hiccup had fallen into on of them, and is currently looking for a way out. Very much alive and well.

But then another part of her conflicted that there was no way he could have made it out; the pressure of the dirt may have just broken most of his bones in his thin body, and the pain alone may have killed him. That and not being able to breath.

The two sides conflicted with each other, and stirred up the cold inside her. He had given his life to save her...and she couldn't even pull herself out of a dip in the ground? She was pathetic, that was already drilled into her mind. But there was something else that had woken inside her, along with the dreaded cold, something that just made the experience even more unbearable. She just couldn't put her finger on it.

Daring to move, she lifted her head slowly, looking up at the dragon above her, daring herself to see, to know just how much pain Toothless was in, having lost his best friend. Toothless seemed...distant. There was something she could see in his eyes that seemed to resemble confidence, but from his expression he didn't seem to have much faith in it. He let out a soft moan, before looking down at her as well. Their eyes met for a second, blue against green, each sharing their own pain with just a single look.

She broke.

The dam inside her that had kept in all of her emotions crumbled with just one look. One look of complete pain and sorrow from someone who knew Hiccup better than she ever had. Tears rushed to her eyes, and she didn't even bother to try and stop them when they ran down her face as she buried herself in Toothless's scaled, crying into them.

He lifted his paws and seemed to give her what was an attempt of a hug, and wrapped his wings around her. He gave out a soft roar of hurt as he gently put his own head on top of hers, dragons apparently not being able to cry. _'Just like Vikings shouldn't.'_ Astrid thought to herself. Disgrace. Disgrace was what she was, to both herself and to her tribe. A Viking crying?

She still did nothing to stop the flow of tears.

Her face was moist from tears that would never stick on a dragon's slippery scales, her breath shuddering. Weak...the word ran through her mind. She was crying for a boy who wouldn't return no matter what either of them did, a boy who was a disgrace to the name Viking as much as she was now. Yet she still did nothing.

Neither of them knew how long they sat there, it may have been hours, only that Toothless opened his eyes as he felt something cold land on his nose. At first he thought it was nothing. Nothing could compare to the cold he felt inside, but then he felt it again...and again...and again. He opened his eyes to find that snowflakes were falling all around them, the start of a blizzard.

He knew this wasn't going to help them at all. He looked down at Astrid and found that her tears had run dry, and she was leaning against him ready to fall asleep with exhaustion from crying, her face twisted into an expression of sorrow. Sucking up all the strength he had left the pain of losing Hiccup had taken from him, he got back down to all four paws, Astrid dropping to the ground.

Suddenly a squawking noise echoed in the clearing, and he turned to see Stormfly fly forward to them. He held out a wing as a gesture to stop, which she reluctantly did. Looking around, she became confused, another coo echoing her thoughts. Toothless confirmed them with a hoarse cry of his own, and her gaze averted to Astrid's limp figure, now passed out on the ground. She was about to fly to her and pick her up, but Toothless growled at her to stop. No, him and Astrid were in this together. He was the closest thing to Hiccup she had left, and she was Hiccup's closest human friend. He was going to make sure she got home ok.

He warbled his thoughts to the Nadder, who looked worriedly at her rider before reluctantly and slowly flying away back to the village. Toothless waited until she was gone before turning around to face the girl. The snow was falling harder now, and through the dense white blurr he could tell that even while sleeping she was shivering a bit. He slowly made his way forward, his heart breaking with each step.

Hiccup was gone. He was really gone. No last minute escapes, nothing. Gone. Gone to live out eternity in Vahalla with his mother. He would never again feel the joy of flying with him, and hear the clicking of the prosthetic while making a turn. He'd never again see his bright smiling face whenever he managed to make an improvement on his tail fin, or on his shield. He'd never again let out a purr when he scratched him behind his ears or under his chin. His little Hiccup was gone.

He reached down and nudged Astrid softly, over and over again until she slowly opened her eyes. At this point her skin was pale and cold, her lips a faint blue. Toothless would never understand the reason on why these humans chose to wear sleeveless clothing to block out the cold that always struck the island. She took in a shuddering breath before Toothless bowed his head to let her climb onto his back. She would need to see Gothi when they returned home, and once that was done she'd have to tell them about what had happened.

As for Toothless...well, he wasn't sure. He'd probably stay near the island if Gobber gave him his own working prosthetic that his little Hiccup had designed, but he'd rarely fly. It was meaningless to him now. Plus Astrid needed him. He recognised he really was the closest thing to Hiccup at the time being, and he'd hate to make her cry again.

He knew she never did it often.

Astrid slowly climbed onto his back, and Toothless forced himself into a trot. It was as fast as he could go at the moment, but they'd make it home. Together.

* * *

><p>Cold is what he felt. Cold and a darkness he'd never known or felt before.<p>

He was trapped, that's what he was. Trapped in something all around him. He didn't know what to do. Fear raced through him and he didn't open his eyes, worried that something terrifying had trapped him.

But, somewhere through all this worry and fear, he left light. A bright light. A light that seeped through him and seemed to give him some strength. Suddenly he was pulled upwards, whatever trapped him was being shoved away by the light. He could feel his head bust through the earth, and he took a deep breath of air that had been deprived of him. The rest of him was pulled out of his captor, and he finally let his eyes open, to see whatever light that had saved him from the cold and darkness.

What he saw was the moon.

It shown bright in the sky, and all of the fear inside him vanished. He looked down to see that he was slightly floating above a messed up patch of dirt, like something had terribly disrupted the earth and thrown it around the place. He was slowly set back down on the ground that had been his captor, and when both his feet touched the ground, the part where he had come up slowly placed itself back together.

He looked around him, and saw white. A soft white substance that was snow had covered the area except where he stood. He took a step forward...and the snow melted. His eyes widened in shock as he did it again with his other foot, the snow melting at his touch. Still completely fascinated, he looked up from the ground and scanned the clearing he seemed to be in. Everything was covered in the snow, nothing but white showing.

It annoyed him. Color should shine through, not just a plain white! He stepped towards a small bush nearby, and slowly reached his hand out. When his hand touched the leaves, the snow melted and turned to water, forming a puddle at his feet which he promptly ignored. He let out a breath of surprise at the fact that the snow had melted. He saw that the bush was covered in small buds, flowers waiting to bloom. An idea formulated in his mind and he tapped one of the flowers, trying to test it out. As he predicted, the flower bud he had tapped blossomed, a bright blue flower slowly evolving from the stem. He watched in amazement as it kept growing until it had reached its full size.

He tried to take a step forward, but one of his boots that he was wearing splashed in the puddle that had formed. He looked down and saw his reflection. A boy stared back at him with auburn hair and freckles, soft green eyes wide with surprise.

Suddenly he took a step back. This was becoming too much to take in at once. He looked up at the moon again, hoping for answers. There was only one thing that it told him, and it was good enough for now. He looked around again, his new mission was to get rid of all this white. As he did so, the answer that he had received flew through his mind, as he tried to remember things.

He couldn't remember anything except what the moon had told him. His name was Hiccup Horrendous Haddock. That's all.

5. Chapter 4

**PLEASE READ**

**A/N: Erm - well - uh...please don't yell at me for upcoming OOC!

A.K.A. I'm sorry if any Rise of the Guardians characters are out of character, I'm really trying!**

So, calling all RotG fans that are reading this, please, PLEASE, tell me if they are out of character! I need to know! Be it hate or suggestion, please tell me in a review!

Also, if any of you are confused about Hiccup's new ability, he's opposite to Jack Frost. Jack Frost died in icy water, and Hiccup died in the earth. Each has their ability based off of that, see? (PM me if you're still confused. It's ok to ask, I don't bite. :))

But don't worry! I'm most definitely not abandoning this story! You don't have to worry about that happening. :)

Anyway, sorry for keeping you all without a new chapter! I hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>Somewhere, up much further than the Isle of Berk, four strange looking people were carrying a tray of cookies across a decorative marble floor. These four people were elves, carrying two huge platters full of the treats. They ran across the floor wildly, and in an expert fashion, never dropped a single one. They ran between huge creatures many would call yetis, and a few would grumble their protests in a language only they understood.<p>

The smallish people only ignored them.

One was straying slightly behind, a glass of milk sloshing in their small hands, desperately trying to catch up with the group as the bell from it's cap jingled. The elves scrambled up the stairs in the wondrous workshop they lived in, and opened a door.

Inside the door, a man was humming Christmas carols to himself, happily flipping through scrolls. The scrolls had names written inside, and each individual one had to be at least six feet in length. The names were written in alphabetical order, and labeled by hometown, country, and continent. He put the scroll back inside a box, letter written on the outside, spelling 'Nice'. "Hmm..." the man grumbled to himself, "seems like Jessica's turned it around this year. Good, good."

Suddenly he heard the sound of bells and small feet near the doorway. He turned around and let out a laugh. "Ah, yes! Thank you my friends!" he reached down and took the glass of milk and trays of cookies from the elves' hands, setting them on a side table, unable to set them on the main table due to the fact that there was a giant ice sculpture taking up the space.

The elves nodded and quickly left the room to leave North with his browsing of names.

The jolly man picked up another scroll, taking a bite of one of the many cookies. His eyes scanned the page, all seeming well. He was about to put it away when suddenly he noticed something out of order... He looked closer, and to his slight surprise, a name was missing from the list. "Hmmp." he muttered, "Never would've thought that kid would do anything to get him switched. Oh well..." he

sighed. North hated it when a kid's name got switched from the Nice list to the Naughty list, and he hated the weight of coal in his bag on Christmas Eve.

"One more stone to add to the pile now, I guess." he said to himself, picking out a certain scroll from the red lettered box. His eyes scanned the scroll, preparing himself for disappointment. But, what should have been disappointment quickly turned into even more surprise when he couldn't find the name anywhere. "What in the world..." he whispered, looking over the scroll again, trying to find it.

His surprise turned into panic when a certain explanation crossed his mind, and he walked towards the door. Opening it, he poked his head outside to view his busy workshop to try and spot one certain person - or creature, in this case.

"Phil!" He called out when he finally spotted the yeti trying to string lights around one of the Christmas gifts. Phil looked up from his work and in North's direction, now confused. "Phil, I need you to help me with something." North called out again, this time more frantic. Now, a few elves and yetis began looking in his direction, hearing to stress in his voice. North rarely ever snapped out of his jolly state, only in certain emergencies.

Never the less, Phil gestured to the box he was decorating, as if telling him he was busy. North brought his hand to his face with a groan, shaking his head. "Phil, this is very important." he said. At this, the yeti reluctantly got up from his chair and ran towards and up the stairs, following North into his room.

Inside, North said, "I need you to help me look through all of the lists under the Scandinavian folder, letter H. Check for Haddock. Naughty or Nice, check them all. I don't want to jump to conclusions." he said as he began scanning more and more of the lists. Phil recognized what he meant by this and quickly ran over to help.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, a 300 year old white-haired Guardian was running over water, happily freezing it to a crisp ice, coated with frost. Slowing down, he turned around to view what he'd done, and he laughed happily at his 'master piece'. He ran some more, freezing the water in all sorts of patterns, before his legs started tiring at the distance they had crossed.<p>

Stopping, he stood on the ice and gripped his staff, muttering to himself. "Tooth said that there was a whole archipelago around here..." he said. "Now the only thing left to do is find it." his squinted across the ocean he was currently running across, looking for any signs of any island. Big or small.

Tooth had indeed told him of an archipelago of islands. Apparently the people there were brutish and stern, and nearly none of them believed in the Guardians. Only the very little ones did, but they soon just threw them aside as stories. She knew this because she once had to stop sending her fairies over there since no one ever put their teeth under their pillows. It was only until recently she had sent them back, and they had brought back loads, along with a few

stories of their own. Jack Frost was already very interested in what Tooth said, and was even more interested when she told them what her fairies had told her._

Apparently there now were flying, fire-breathing reptiles swarming every inch of one island, and plenty more on a few others.

When Jack heard this, the first thing he wanted to do was go and see this place. A place of non believers and fire-breathing reptiles that could fly. It almost made sense that the snow frosted Guardian would want to have some fun. The thing he wanted to do the most was turn the kids over to believe again. He could tell from the stories that the adults would probably never end up believing, but he could give the children a chance.

Figuring it was easier to fly then to run, he jumped off the ice, shouting, "Hey wind, need some help here!" And soon enough, he was flying over ocean bellow. He laughed and cheered along the entire trip, noticing that the air was getting colder as he flew. At first he thought that it was just the speed he was going at, but then it started to take effect when he saw that the ocean _had_ frozen a bit. _'Hmm. Should be getting close then.'_ he thought to himself.

While time slowly ticked by, he thought of all the things he could do. "Maybe snowball fight with a few kids...or play around with a few of those fire-breathers." he said aloud. He chuckled at the thought of things that breathed fire. What in the world were they supposed to look like? He remembered seeing a page from Jamie's myth book that showed some sort of serpent. When he had questioned what it was, Jamie had told him that it was called a Darken. Or a Draken. He couldn't remember exactly. But he did remember that Jamie told him that it breathed fire, and could be found all over the world, mostly to the East.

Jack laughed to himself. "Well, if I find any of those Dreons, I'll be sure to let him know that he was right."

It seemed as though hours had ticked by when he suddenly spotted a huge rock jutting out of the waters bellow. His squinted his eyes for a moment before spotting another one a few yards away. What had Tooth said? She said that there'd be rocks, huge ones. They would stick right of of sea like miniature islands. _'Speaking of islands, the one I'm looking for has two mountains jutting out of it.'_ he thought, remembering Tooth's description.

"Well, I'm only getting closer." he murmured, before focusing on the path ahead.

* * *

><p>"Find anything yet, Phil?"<p>

The yeti looked at him with sad eyes and shook his head. North's breath hitched. "Then that means..." he muttered. When children die, their names disappear off of the lists. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the 3rd may not have been a kid, but he went his whole life without believing, and that was what ever Guardian feared. They detested the thought of someone's life ending and they never knew about the people who protect them.

The yeti quietly packed the scrolls away and left the room, leaving North to his thoughts. The man sat at his desk, his face in his hands as he leaned against them, slightly stressed out. This wasn't what was supposed to happen. No child should have that happen.

He sighed to himself before standing up. There was work to be done and he couldn't do anything about it. He walked to the door and out, going down to his workshop to check up on the toys' process. Nothing could happen now to help the poor kid.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile, Jack was soaring past rocks and small bits of land, cheering and laughing with the wind. He had his mind set on one destination, and he was certain he was getting closer. As time progressed, he spotted a small bit of land someways away, just up ahead. Eyes squinting and a smile coming to his face, he urged himself to fly faster. In just a couple short minutes, he had reached what he thought his destination looked like.<p>

"Pretty isolated, the last island had to have been at least half an hour away." he mumbled to himself. He sat down on one of the sea stacked rocks around the island, and even from that distance, he could see shapes soaring through the air, and the mumbled voices of the villagers. Tooth's fairies were right!

He flew off the rock, and made his way to the village. Upon landing, he saw just how full the village was; both with people and the dregoon things! The creatures were all shapes and sizes, some looking like rocks, others bright red, and a few had more than one head! Jack was awed at the place, but before he could do anything, he heard a very distinct growl come from behind him. He forgotten animals could see him, even though most of the people here couldn't. When he turned around, he saw a small green dragon that was a least a foot high. It big eyes narrowed at him, and it's toothless jaws snapped open and shut, acting like an angry dog.

Jack knelt down in front of it, chuckling at the ferocity of the small thing. "You couldn't hurt a fly if you tried, now could you?" he mocked. The dragon growled at him before letting out a jet stream of pure fire at the Guardian. Jack could only just managed to step out of the way, stumbling back a bit in shock. "Woah there! Your bite certainly does match your bark." he muttered. The dragon growled again, flapping its small wings. He was about to dodge away from another blast, when suddenly a small female voice called out from the village.

"Striker! Where are you boy?" shouted a young girl who had to be no more than 7. She had short brown hair, and furry boots that were way too big. Jack smiled as she ran over to the small green dragon, picking it up against its will. "Where have you been?" she scolded it as it struggled to get out of her arms. Never the less, the girl seemed to have an iron grip and she dragged it away, the dragon still growling at Jack all the while.

Jack smiled and waved it goodbye before walking off. He knew he needed to be careful, seeing how these things could see him and breath fire, and he was basically made of snow. After a bit of walking, Jack decided that he really liked the village. Its buildings had a certain aspect to them that made him chuckle every time he

passed by one. He walked through crowds, and watched a few children play in the snow. "You're welcome!" he shouted to them as they began a snowball fight. One boy - who seemed like the youngest of the group - turned around at his voice. Jack figured he could see him, due to the fact that the boy's jaw dropped in shock._
>

Jack smiled at him, about to walk over when a huge explosion blasted on the other side of the village. Jack jerked around at the noise, but the children kept playing. Leaving the young boy to play, Jack took off after the sound.

* * *

><p>"Woah..."<p>

Jack gripped the side of the metal cage with surprise. He had followed the explosion's sound to find a huge arena - like cage, the top being held together by chain suspended from the ground. Inside was a dragon, Jack could tell that much. He couldn't figure out if it was a type that he'd already seen while wandering through the village or if it was something new, due to the fact that the dust was still settling from the recent explosion. He figured that the explosion had come from this beast, and what ever it was had massive firepower.

Three men walked out of the dusty area that the dragon stood, obviously anxious to leave. When they opened the gate and left, Jack finally got a good look at the creature. It was entirely a midnight black, covered in smooth scales and flaps on its head, with huge wings the size of two or more doors joined together. It pawed the ground with it's short, chubby feet, its claws making a spine curling scratching sound. The dragon let out an intense scream, flapping its wings a bit before darting to another end of the arena.

This was most definitely _not_ a dragon Jack had seen before.

He began to try and fit past the metal bars of the cage, trying to get a closer look when a voice called out from behind him. "I wouldn't do that if I were you." It said. Jack jerk his head around, and to his shock, a boy stood behind him. He looked slightly dazed, as if everything was happening in slow motion to him. He had auburn hair, striking green eyes, and wearing something that the people of the village seemed to wear as well.

"...And why shouldn't I?" Jack questioned, narrowing his eyes. The boy shook his head. "Not a good idea. Tried it." He walked up next to Jack and put his hand on the metal cage as well, looking out at the ferocious thing trapped inside the bars. Jack looked down at the frosted metal and saw that the ice had melted instantly at the boy's touch, and grass was growing in between the cracks of the stone on the ground beneath him. Whoever he was, he definitely wasn't one of the normal villagers.

"Well...what is that thing?" Jack asked, gesturing to the dragon.

"Night Fury." The boy replied at once. His eyes seemed to fade out for a moment, but then he snapped back to reality. "I'm sorry, what did you say?" he asked. Jack tilted his head in confusion. "I didn't

say anything. You did." The boy nodded slowly, his attention on the so called 'Night Fury' that was prowling that stone walls. It's ears perked up after a moment, and it turned to look at them. Jack couldn't see anything except a wild mind in the dragons big green eyes. They narrowed at him, and it snorted, as if thinking little of him, before charging off into another side of the ring.

Suddenly a question went through the Guardian's mind, and he muttered aloud, "But why do they keep it in here? There are tons of dragons in the village, this one shouldn't be any different..." The auburn haired boy looked at him and said, "It's completely wild. I've been coming to see it a lot recently, and I keep overhearing the men say something about 'insane'. I think something happened to it." Jack looked down at the Night Fury sitting near the cage in the arena, and watched as it's ears twitched every few second, like it was irritated. He felt pity make its way inside his heart.

Something had happened to the poor thing to make it so vicious that they locked it up, and he could only watch as it ran around the arena, looking for a way out.

End
file.